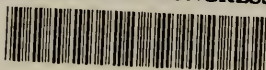


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GENERAL MICAH JENKINS.

CAREER AND CHARACTER

OF

GENERAL MICAH JENKINS,
C. S. A.

“Vigiliis et Virtute”

By JOHN P. THOMAS.

COLUMBIA, S. C.,
THE STATE COMPANY,
1908.

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True and Eloquent Account of the Life and Achievements of One of South Carolina's Greatest Soldiers.

David's lamentation for Jonathan, "fallen in the midst of the battle"; Milton's Lycidas, Young Lycidas, "dead ere his prime"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam," called by Frederick William Robertson "one of the most victorious songs that poet ever chanted"—these are the classic pictures of the early dead that come before the mind in their beauty when we think of Gen. Micah Jenkins, as elegantly arrayed in his uniform of Confederate gray he lay, in the symmetry of his martial form, stricken to death upon the soil of Virginia in the battle of the Wilderness.

"A king once said of a prince struck down,
Taller he seems in death."

More than 39 years ago, Micah Jenkins's brilliant career came to its end, in the providence of God, in the 29th year of his age. As we take now the measure of the man and contemplate him in the light of his full stature, as revealed to us in his own letters, as well as in the letters of his friends and comrades, how aptly may it be said of Jenkins, as of the "prince struck down,"

"Taller he seems in death."

Of the brigade known successively as Anderson's, Jenkins's and Bratton's and composed of the famous regiments, immortalized in Confederate history—First South Carolina volunteers (Hagood), Fifth South Carolina volunteers, Sixth South Carolina volunteers, Second South Carolina Rifles, and Jenkins's Palmetto Sharpshooters—it is not my purpose to treat. That duty—the

history of a grand brigade that won the confidence of Lee and his war-horse (Longstreet)—I shall leave to a gallant colonel of the famous brigade, such as Asbury Coward, or to Col. Jas. A. Hoyt, or to some Confederate survivor who followed the fortunes of Jenkins from First Manassas to his martial coronation in the wilds of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Acceding to the appreciated wishes of the family and the friends of Micah Jenkins, my own close friend from 1851 to 1864, and furnished with all the letters and memoranda throwing light upon the subject, I propose to portray, as best I can, the career and character of a noble South Carolinian who was the ornament of his State and a thunderbolt of war in the army of our Confederate Ilium—our fallen Troy.

In seeking to rise to the height of my theme, I shall not base my arguments upon unsupported statements, but shall present the letters and the documents to prove propositions and to confirm deductions. In executing my plan of treatment of my subject, I shall present the chief tributes heretofore paid to Jenkins; next Jenkins's own accounts of the principal battles in which he bore a part, supported by the accounts of Longstreet and others; next I shall attempt to give a true insight into his lofty character—to portray his inner life as a knightly, Christian man, as a soldier after the type of a Stuart, a Jackson and a Lee; and lastly, I shall close with such additional points and paragraphs as may seem to me the proper ending of my memorial work.

I. THE TRIBUTES TO JENKINS.

BRIG.-GEN. M. JENKINS.

(From the Charleston Mercury, May 12, 1864—an editorial written six days after the fall of Jenkins.)

Micah Jenkins was a third son of Capt. John Jenkins, of Edisto Island, S. C. He entered the South Carolina Military Academy in the year 1851, at the age of 15, and graduated in 1854, with the first honor of his class. The following January he established with

his classmate, Asbury Coward, now colonel of the Fifth regiment of Jenkins's brigade, the Military School at Yorkville, S. C., and, young as he was, at once exhibited the singular aptitude for command which his after career so signally illustrated. By a happy blending of firmness in discipline and frank and cordial sympathy with all who sought his counsel or aid, he obtained an early and lasting hold upon the respect and affection

of his pupils, and his success as an instructor was complete.

Before the war he had raised a volunteer company at Yorkville, under the name of the Jasper Guards. This company formed the nucleus of the Fifth regiment, S. C. V., which elected him colonel, without opposition, and was among the first to enter the Confederate service. When General Beauregard took command of the Army of the Potomac it was ordered to Virginia—having previously served on Sullivan's Island—and bore a creditable part in the first battle of Manassas, and, following General Johnston in his withdrawal to the Peninsula, it participated in all the privation of the spring campaign of 1862.

Upon the reorganization of the twelve months' volunteers, General Jenkins formed a new regiment from the elite of the Fifth, which was styled "Jenkins's Palmetto Sharpshooters," and with this command achieved his success at Williamsburg, and carried, with one additional regiment of R. H. Anderson's brigade, his part of the field at Seven Pines. This was, in many respects, one of the most daring and brilliant incidents of this eventful war, for he drove the enemy through three of his camps, a mile and a quarter beyond the farthest point attained by our troops, and rested that night, on the ground he had won, in the tents of a Massachusetts regiment.

In command of General Anderson's brigade, he shared the perils and glory of the battles around Richmond, in June, 1862, and after the engagement of Cold Harbor and Frayser's Farm brought out his Sharpshooters, originally numbering upward of 1,000 rank and file, with but 125 men; his personal aid having been shot down by his side, and his own clothes being riddled with bullets. His promotion at once followed, and he proved how well it was deserved by the skill and gallantry which he soon after displayed at the second battle of Manassas, where he lost two of his colonels, and his adjutant-general, and was himself severely wounded.

At the battle of Fredericksburg he served under Longstreet, who more than once ordered him where the battle was fiercest, but owing to the rapid fluctuations of that field his brigade was only partially engaged.

During the following spring campaign his command was employed as a corps of observation on the Blackwater, in the vicinity of Petersburg and Richmond, from whence he was again ordered to Longstreet, and went with him to Tennessee. Arriving there just after the battle of Chickamauga, he was assigned to the command of Hood's division; but from the inade-

quacy of his force was unable to prevent the enemy from effecting a lodgment on this side of the Tennessee river, and was very nearly cut off by overwhelming numbers. The extrication of his division was, in fact, solely due to his own judgment, and to the thorough discipline and steadiness of his troops.

From Chattanooga he accompanied Longstreet to East Tennessee, and served with him in the campaign of the last winter before Knoxville. Thence he was withdrawn to meet the threatened invasion in Virginia, where he fought his last battle and fell at the early age of 28 years, near the same spot by the same fatal accident and the selfsame hands which, just one year ago, inflicted on us the irreparable loss of Stonewall Jackson.

Before he was of age General Jenkins married the eldest daughter of General D. F. Jamison, and leaves a tenderly devoted wife and four young children to mourn the untimely death which our State deplotes with a common and profound sympathy.

Thus closes the brief but brilliant record of a patriotic soldier; of one who to the charms of a manly person and a commanding presence added the attractions of gentle manners, a most placid temper, and a dignified and courteous address. His intercourse with his friends was ever marked by a delightful candor, frankness and simplicity, and to all men he always exhibited that fairness and generosity of conduct which was so perfectly congenial to his own nature. A Christian gentleman—in the largest sense of that exalted title—he kept his life pure and his walk and conversation blameless; recognizing as paramount the call of duty, and following her voice with fearless steps and unwavering singleness of purpose. He was ambitious of distinction and strove to win it; but he raised himself over his rivals by no meanness or indirection, and practiced no arts of advancement save the honest arts of resolute will and earnest endeavor.

He had no fondness for the bloody arena of war as a pastime or a profession; but realizing deeply the necessity of a knowledge of arms to a people who would keep their freedom, he devoted his life to this vocation. When his country's rights were invaded his soldier's instinct impelled him among the very first to draw his sword, and he never would have sheathed it until his honorable independence was secured. Scrupulously respectful of private rights, he never permitted any wanton destruction of property, any violence, intrusion or pillage, on the part of his command, while he was equally mindful of his men, and spared no personal pains or labor that would

conduce to their welfare. By general consent his troops were the best disciplined, best clothed and best armed of the entire division to which they belonged. Brave, ardent, enthusiastic, possessed of the full confidence of his men and of his commander, he was often thrust into the forefront of battle. He bore himself always with the loftiest gallantry. Asking his troops to encounter no danger which he did not share, he led his impetuous battalions in a score of stormy fights, and fell at last, as a soldier might well wish to fall, with sword in hand, at the close of a well stricken field, the light of the setting sun crimsoning his victorious bayonets, and the shouts of triumph ringing in his ears.

DE FONTAINE'S STORY OF HIS DEATH.

(From F. G. De Fontaine, War Correspondent.)

BRIG.-GEN. MICAH JENKINS.

Columbia, Wednesday Morning,
May 18, 1864.

Another stern white face is turned to the blue sky, and another life holds up its silent eloquence to heaven. He who wrought in faith has won at last his glory and been crowned with the garland of eternity.

It is not too much to say that from the beginning of the contest Gen. Jenkins has been one of the most active, efficient and accomplished officers in the Confederate service. His whole career, from early childhood, had been a chain of soldierly associations, and carrying these into the field, united with a brave heart, an indomitable will, an air of command, the example of a leader, a face and form from which there flashed the inspiration of his cause, and, above all, the ambition to do his duty, he achieved a success which forms the proudest epitaph that can be written on a soldier's tomb.

Born on Edisto Island, in this State, he entered the Citadel in 1851, at the age of 15, and in 1854 graduated with the highest honors of his class. A few months afterwards, as we learn from the Charleston Mercury, he established with Asbury Coward, now colonel of the Fifth regiment of Jenkins's brigade, a military school at Yorkville, S. C., and "young as he was, at once exhibited that singular aptitude for command which his after career so signally illustrated. By a happy blending of firmness in discipline and a frank, cordial sympathy with all who sought his counsel or aid, he obtained an early and lasting hold upon the respect and affection of his pupils, and his success as a teacher was complete." If we remember right, Brigadier-Gen-

eral Law was also an instructor in that institution.

War being inaugurated, General Jenkins was elected colonel of the Fifth South Carolina volunteers, moved his command to Sullivan's Island, was among the first to enter the Confederate service, repaired to Virginia and performed a conspicuous part in the battle of Manassas, his position being on the right of the main body of the army engaged. After participating in all the events of that campaign in the year 1862, the regiment was reorganized under the now famous name of Jenkins's "Palmetto Sharpshooters," which speedily became, like its predecessors, celebrated for the perfection of its discipline not less than its splendid bravery on the field of battle.

Attached to the command of General Johnston, he participated in the sharp engagement at Williamsburg, and at Seven Pines, and achieved success with his command which would have made the reputation of a lifetime. With a handful of men he broke line after line of the enemy, drove them through three camps and finally rested a mile and a quarter in advance of the remainder of our army, in one of the Federal camps. In command of General Anderson's brigade, he shared the perils and glories of the battles around Richmond in 1862, and after the engagement of Cold Harbor, Frazer's Farm, brought out his Sharpshooters, originally upwards of 1,000 rank and file, with but 125 men, his personal aid having been shot by his side, and his own clothing being riddled by bullets. His promotion at once followed, and he proved how well it was deserved by the skill and gallantry which he soon after displayed at the second battle of Manassas, where he lost two of his colonels and his adjutant-general and was himself severely wounded.

After participating in the battle of Fredericksburg, he was detached to a corps of observation on the Blackwater, in front of Suffolk, where several skirmishes were had with the enemy. From thence his brigade was transferred to Chickamauga and arrived just after the battle. Taking command of Hood's division after the fall of General Hood, his career from that time until he died was replete with honor, and proved that he was indeed born to command. The campaign first around Chattanooga and thereafter in East Tennessee against Knoxville brought out all the rare qualities of his naturally strong mind, and developed fully that remarkable energy which made him valuable as the right-hand man of Longstreet. It was the fortune of the writer during this period to share the tent of General Jenkins and enjoy opportunities for observing him

in every relation of a soldier's life; to observe him calmly directing the movements of a line of battle, bearing as it were a charmed life among the flying balls; to witness him morning and night kneeling on his blanket, returning thanks to the Almighty, and invoking blessings on his command; and to be familiar with the kind communion which existed between the humblest private and himself. Few men have had fewer enemies. No one in his position had so little occasion to punish offenders against his discipline, and when the necessity has been apparent, a tender heart has always gone out to the culprit and drawn tears from his guilty nature. Child-like, unsophisticated in the rudeness of knowledge which characterizes ordinary men of the world, careful and polite in his conversation, pure as a woman in his thoughts, accomplished in his manners, frank, confiding and generous to a fault, he was in truth a Chevalier Bayard "sans peur et sans reproche." As an officer he was brave, dashing, impetuous and yet prudent; had a quick military eye, knowing the strong points of a position at a glance; never ordering his men where he was not willing to lead; and rarely if ever blundered. He enjoyed the confidence of General Longstreet to a marked degree; by him was recommended for promotion to the rank of major-general. It is understood that he was on the eve of receiving the appointment.

South Carolina has never had a nobler representative of her chivalry in the field, and no dearer memories can be embalmed in the mausoleum of the people's hearts than those which have hallowed with glory the name of Gen. Micah Jenkins.

COLONEL THOMAS'S HISTORY OF THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

(From History of South Carolina Military Academy, 1894, by John Peyre Thomas.)

On May 6, 1864, Gen. Micah Jenkins, a graduate of the South Carolina Military Academy, of the class of 1854, fell in battle, killed in the command of his brigade, in the conflict of the Wilderness. Of the graduates of the Academy Micah Jenkins was among the brightest and bravest and most enterprising. He entered the Citadel Academy from Edisto Island when quite young. Ambitious, he began his cadet life with avowed aspirations to excel in his studies. His ideas were true and high. Second to none either in deportment or scholarship, he graduated at the head of a superior class. After graduating, in pursuance of a

previously well-conceived plan, in association with his classmate, Col. Asbury Coward, he founded and conducted the Kings Mountain Military School, which continued in successful operation until the War Between the States began. Following the dictates of his ardent temperament and his patriotic nature, with motives as pure and courage as true as ever carried Christian knight to the battle of former days, he entered the service of the Southern Confederacy. Here his well-known career was brilliant. He reflected luster on his name and left to his wife and children a priceless legacy. In an army where the material whereof generals are fashioned was abundant, he rose to be brigadier-general, and what seems to finite judgment an untimely fate alone cut him off from higher honors.

He was clearly in the line of promotion. Dashing as a Murat, Micah Jenkins was further a Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." He was more. A scholar, a soldier, a Christian man, he was a Sidney, who on another Zutphen would cheerfully have passed the cup of water to some dying comrade, whose necessity he may have deemed greater than his own. Nor was General Jenkins the man of sanguinary instincts and military ambition that some persons may have held him to be. It was the fortune of the writer to meet him on his last visit to South Carolina, not long before he died for his country on the soil of Virginia. He spoke in the confidence of friendship and with characteristic candor, and referred to the idea which he knew somewhat prevailed respecting him, that he was fond of war's cruel sport. He earnestly disavowed the sentiment. While recognizing his duty in the pending struggle, and thinking not for one moment of turning his back upon the burning plowshare before him, he yet expressed a yearning for peace with honor and longed to return under such conditions to his home.

But this happy dream of the warrior was not to be realized. The laurels of industrious soldiery were soon to be entwined with the cypress wreath. His career in life, though embracing scarcely a decade since he left the walls of his alma mater, was beautiful, was symmetrical, and had a noble ending.

The news of his death was received with deep sorrow in South Carolina and the public sympathy was illustrated in the passage of the following resolutions by the General Assembly of his native State:

Resolved unanimously, That in the death of General Jenkins South Carolina mourns the loss of one of her noblest, most patriotic and accom-

plished citizens, and the army of our country a brave, energetic and skilful officer.

Resolved unanimously, That we hold up his many virtues to his comrades yet spared, and bid them emulate his example.

Resolved unanimously, That these resolutions, together with the correspondence between Lieutenant-General Longstreet and Governor Bonham, in relation to the death of General Jenkins, be spread upon the journal of the house, and copies of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.

The following is the correspondence:

His brigade was worthy of such a commander, and the mutual trust and confidence between them was beautiful to behold. With such troops and such a leader the Confederate cause is safe.

Few of your countrymen can possess the exalted qualities of this Christian hero, but all may imitate his virtues, exercise the same faith in a precious Savior, and die, if needs be, the same glorious death.

He has left to the youth of your State a noble legacy in his dauntless heroism and spotless life; I trust that his memory will be cherished and his noble example will be felt for generations yet to come.

Yours truly,

J. Longstreet,
Lieutenant-General.

Note.—The General's name is signed by me, as he has not sufficiently recovered the use of his arm to sign himself.

M. L. Longstreet.

State of South Carolina,

Executive Department,

Columbia, S. C., September 1, 1864.

Lieut.-Gen. J. Longstreet—Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 16th of July has been received. It is extremely gratifying to me to see this evidence of your high appreciation of the lamented General Jenkins. From the beginning of the war his brilliant qualities had elicited the warmest admiration of the people of his State, and they watched his career with unusual interest. His death was a public calamity, but to the people of his native State, where he was so well-known and so universally beloved, it was especially affecting. His desire to serve his country was the one ruling ambition of his life, and if he cherished another feeling it was to obtain that which your letter shows he so well deserved, the approval of his commanding officer. I have read your kind letter with many sad reflections, but not without a feeling of mournful satisfaction, that the State over which I have been called for a short time to preside has furnished such an instance of heroic de-

votion to our cause. I shall transmit your letter to the Legislature at its next session as another proof of his eminent services and high qualities.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. L. Bonham.

The lamented fall of Micah Jenkins is thus described by that gallant young soldier, Col. J. R. Hagood:

I cannot forget the appearance of General Jenkins this morning. Elegantly dressed, as he always was, superbly mounted, and his face lit up with martial fire, he realized to the full my ideal as a soldier.

At this moment General Longstreet, accompanied by General Jenkins and a number of staff officers, galloped ahead of the line until they had reached the plank road. There an orderly dismounted to take up a stand of Federal colors lying upon the field and displayed them. Mahone's Virginia brigade, advancing through the thick woods, mistook the party for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and a volley from them emptied the saddles of Longstreet, Jenkins, a staff officer, and two or three orderlies. General Jenkins was instantly killed and General Longstreet badly wounded.

This is how Jenkins died, on the second day of the Battle of the Wilderness!

Were the historian to take up Jenkins's career in the Confederate war, and follow him from battlefield to battlefield, and tell of his acts of personal heroism, of his military skill and daring generalship; were he to relate how he won the confidence and admiration of his military superiors, were he to relate further the wealth of love that he bore for his family, for friends and country, and the innate nobility of his nature, the splendid record would occupy a volume in itself.

Gallant spirit, noble friend; we greet your memory as we place your name high upon the historic page and renew our lament for your death in the bloom of manhood.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

(From "Manassas to Appomattox"—Longstreet.)

"General Lee sent Gen. M. L. Smith to report to me. * * * General Smith then came and reported a way across the Brock road that would turn Hancock's extreme left. He was asked to conduct the flanking brigades and handle them as the ranking officer. He was a splendid tactician, as well as a skilful engineer, and gallant withal. He started, and not to lose time or distance, moved by inversion, Wofford's left leading, Wofford's favorite maneuver. As Wofford's left stepped out,

the other troops moved down the plank road, Jenkins's brigade by the road, Kershaw's division alongside. I rode at the head of the column, Jenkins, Kershaw and the staff with me. After discussing the disposition of their troops for reopening the battle, Jenkins rode closer to offer congratulations, saying 'I am happy; I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but I am relieved, and feel assured that we will put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night.' Little did he or I think these sanguine words were the last he would utter."

After describing the circumstances under which he and his party were placed under fire of one of our own regiments, and how he was himself wounded, Longstreet says:

"But Micah Jenkins, who fell by the same fire, was no more. He was one of the most estimable characters of the army. His taste and talent were for military service. He was intelligent, quick, untiring, attentive, zealous in the discharge of duty, and truly faithful to official obligations, abreast with the foremost in battle, and withal a humble, noble Christian. In a moment of highest earthly hope he was transported to serenest heavenly joy; to that life beyond that knows no bugle call, beat of drum or clash of steel. May his beautiful spirit, through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen."

Gen. Lee's letter on Jenkins' absence from the battle of Gettysburg:

Headquarters,
Army of Northern Virginia,
August, 1863.

Dear General: I regret exceedingly the absence of yourself and your brigade from the battle of Gettysburg. There is no telling what a gallant brigade, led by an efficient commander, might have accomplished when victory trembled in the balance. I verily believe the result would have been different if you had been present.

Sincerely yours,
R. E. Lee,
General.

To Gen. M. Jenkins.

Letter of Colonel Gage to Gen. D. F. Jamison on the death of General Jenkins:

Union District, S. C.,
Meadow Woods, May 19, 1864.

My Dear General: My sympathies have been irresistibly drawn to you since the news reached us of the untimely fall of your gallant son, General Jenkins—a chief of whom we all felt proud, and in whose success we had a right to feel a deep interest, because from the beginning of this contest he had led into battle our best and brav-

est friends—old and young. I could but feel that it would be gratifying to you for me to offer my sympathy, and more particularly so when I could tell you how the mothers of our gallant soldiers wore the memory of this young hero nearest their hearts. The simplest language is often the most touching, and when it falls from the lips of those who are not gifted with the set phrases of speech, but speak at *improptu*, it always means a hon-eyed sweetness. Yesterday an old woman who had three sons and three sons-in-law in the army walked eight miles to my house to get a little wool and flour, and see if I had any news from Lee's army later than she had heard. This old woman (upwards of 50) has been once to Virginia and once to Tennessee to see her sons and take them clothing and provisions. "Oh," she said, "I couldn't help but cry when I heard General Jenkins was killed, he was so good. O my boys; always a kind word, a pleasant look, an encouraging one to them. They loved him so much, and, although they knew he would always carry them into the thickest of the fight, they knew they would always find him alongside of them." That sort of tribute does one's heart good, and it has gone from many a poor mother's heart in my neighborhood. It is something for his children to treasure up and speak in tones most unmistakable of the large heart of the gallant young chieftain so untimely slain.

May God in his mercy support his wife in this sore affliction and comfort you, my dear friend, is my prayer. Ever truly yours,

(Col.) R. J. Gage.

To Gen. D. F. Jamison.

Memorandum from Maj. J. J. Lucas, Confederate veteran:

Gen. Micah Jenkins entered the State Military Academy in 1851 and was graduated by that institution with the first honor of his class in 1854.

It was my privilege to instruct him in the drill of the squad, with seven others, which occupied three months.

He showed his fondness for the military profession from the very beginning of his career, and as a Confederate officer became the most enthusiastic soldier I ever knew. The last time we met in the Mills House, in Charleston, he secured four muskets to show me an improved method of stacking arms which he had devised.

From the Rev. James McDowell, Chaplain, C. S. A.:

Sumter, S. C., September 16, 1903.
Col. John P. Thomas, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sir: In response to your request to "the officers and men of Jen-

kins's brigade to send you such personal and military characteristics of Jenkins as may be recalled by them," I write the following:

I was invited by General Jenkins in 1862, while he was colonel of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, to become its chaplain. I accepted his invitation and reached the regiment just after the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and continued its chaplain until we were surrendered at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865. Colonel Jenkins was in command of the brigade when I reached it, and was soon after promoted brigadier-general for his gallantry on the battlefield, and Capt. Joseph Walker succeeded him as colonel of his regiment. The general took an interest in the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of his men, and we have had him, with his staff, to worship with us at religious services.

His men loved and admired him; had a great confidence in him, and bravely followed him on the bloody battlefield.

The last Sabbath he spent upon earth—when we were returning from East Tennessee to Virginia—I went to see him in his tent, where he was lying down sick. After a pleasant visit, and when about to leave he asked me to pray with him, which I gladly did; he reverently engaging in the service. A few days after, on the 6th of May, he was shot down by our men, by mistake, in the battle of the Wilderness. I got up in the ambulance which bore him from the field of battle and spoke to him, but he was speechless and unconscious, the ball having pierced his forehead. His brain was protruding from the wound. One side of him was completely paralyzed; his hand on his other side he repeatedly lifted to the wound and then laid it down again. He was taken back to his tent, where we laid him out and he lived several hours.

General Jenkins was a noble man, very brave, and most enthusiastic. I loved and admired him, and can imagine that I still see the sweet smile on his intelligent and kind face. I believe that he was a true Christian, not only a good soldier of his country, but also a true soldier of Jesus Christ, the blessed Savior whom he professed and in whom he trusted. Soon after his death I wrote an account of it to his bereaved widow. Yours very respectfully,
James McDowell.

This account appears elsewhere in this paper.

A SON'S TRIBUTE.

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 8, 1903.

Col. John P. Thomas, Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Colonel: It has been my happy privilege in traveling through South Carolina to meet many of the

old soldiers of Jenkins's brigade—that band of heroes, fast lessening with the passing years. Nothing could appeal to me more deeply, in meeting these battle-scarred heroes, mayhap, with an empty sleeve or a wooden leg, and looking into their brave old eyes, now growing dim, to hear them say: "Son, I loved that father of yours; he always treated the humblest private with the same kindness and courtesy as he did the highest officer. He treated us all like gentlemen"—thus verifying that grand old adage, "the bravest are the tenderest." They have told me that his face was always lit with smiles; and his laugh most infectious, and that he had the wonderful faculty of never forgetting a face or a name. I have been told time and time again that he recognized the face, and could call by name, every member of his brigade. In fact, one wooden-legged hero, Sam Clinton of York county, said to me: "We boys had to behave ourselves, for the general knew every one of us by name, and would spot us instantly if we did anything amiss." They have told me that he never said to his men, "Go," but "My men, follow me!" I have but the faintest remembrance of a father's love, being but four years old when he was killed; but the noble deeds and humble piety of his short life have ever been to me an inspiration and an incentive to a clean and pure life.

I am, sir, yours most truly,
Robert F. Jenkins.

THE DEATH OF GEN. MICAH JENKINS.

A private letter from a surgeon formerly in Jenkins's Brigade gives the following interesting particulars of the last hours of the life of that gallant officer. He says:

"I had met him the day before the battle for the first time since his return. He was looking very badly, had been sick, and was riding in an ambulance. The following morning I met the general at the head of his brigade, his face not beaming with smiles, as it usually did on such occasions, but it wore a sad and determined expression. He was evidently in pain. I saluted him and stopped. He asked me the news from the front. I told him I believed all was going well; that the Texans were driving them. He replied: "They are brave men who are doing it." I then said to him I feared he was suffering from being in the saddle. He said: "Oh, that is a small matter, and shall not prevent my doing my duty." Poor fellow, when I next saw him he was lying in his tent unconscious, with a ball buried in his brain. His face still wore the firm, determined look that characterized it in health. His death had been generally lamented.

His old brigade thinks their loss irreparable, and it is indeed so. In him the country has lost a firm and gallant officer, a noble soldier, whose courage and dash in action won the admiration of all. Our State has lost a polished and elegant gentleman and a high-toned Christian. He lived some five hours after he was wounded, and died at sunset. He never spoke. Those who were by him say that as he died a glad smile lighted up his face, and that he died as quietly as an infant falls to sleep. May God in his mercy sustain his widow and fatherless boys, to whom he was most devotedly attached. I hope his sons may prove worthy of their sire."

The burial of Brig.-Gen. M. Jenkins, at Summerville, Whit Sunday, May 15, 1864:

(By C. G. P.—Catherine Gendron Poyas.)

Bring blossoms from the rosy beds of May,
Bay from the woodland, myrtle from the bowers,
And arborvitae, whose enduring leaf
Symbols the life eternal, and let fair hands
Weave them in garlands to adorn the mound
Where sleeps the brave and true.
Sweet his repose,
Near the maternal bosom from whose fount
He drew the virtues that made up his life.
A few short weeks ago that silent breast
Throbbed with a holy joy, when to her heart
The mother pressed her young heroic son,
And bade him, with her blessing, go again,
And battle for his country. Far then seemed
Their day of meeting—but God brought it near.

Here is no martial note or organ's swell
To honor, with its wild or solemn strain,
Our hero's burial; only one lone bird
Pours on the fragrant air a shower of song.
Sing on, sweet warbler, for what holier note
Can charm him to his rest than thine,
Heaven taught,
And flowing like the angels from a breast
Wholly at peace with God! Heart soothing strain!
How different from the noisy din of strife,
The war-trump and the cannon's awful roar,

Glide softly to the mourners' sorrowing hearts
And fit them from the promises of this day—
The comforter sent forth to all who weep,
And bearing dew of healing on his wing.

Our blessed Sabbath, when the Lenten fast
Was drawing to its close, and streaks of light,
As heralding the glorious Easter morn,
Began to pierce the gloom, we saw thee bow
Within this temple, and on bended knees
Receive in reverent hand the bread divine,
And carry to thy lips the wine of life,
Which to the heart of faith is heavenly food.

We little deemed it thy viaticum,
And that by Whitsuntide thy mortal frame
Would have been given to the silent dust,
With tears of kindred and a nation's grief.
We thought to see thee in the coming time,
When meek-eyed peace has once more blessed our land,
Wearing the laurel wreath thy valor won,
And clothed in garments of prosperity,
Living to good old age, while "troops of friends,"
And children's children gather round thy hearth—
Thy warm, bright southern hearth—to hear thee tell
Of deeds of prowess by our heroes wrought,
In the great struggle—but, with modest grace,
Setting aside thine own. We fondly dreamed,
But God has willed it otherwise. Farewell,
True soldier of thy country and of Christ,
With what assured hope we leave thee here
To wait the archangel trump. Thy spirit fled
Upon the shout of triumph—and the sound
Took a seraphic sweetness as thy soul,
Nearing the gate of paradise, was met
By throngs of white-robed spirits, bearing palms
And singing hymns of victory and peace.

The remains of General Jenkins having previously been removed by his family from Summerville, S. C., to Magnolia cemetery, in Charleston, in 1881, the Association of Graduates of the South Carolina Military Academy, mindful of

its duty to the heroic dead, and in illustration of its rare devotion to its alma mater, instituted a movement in South Carolina to erect a monument to the memory of Jenkins in Magnolia cemetery. The writer was at that time conducting the Carolina Military Institute, at Charlotte, N. C. He promptly seconded the action of his South Carolina comrades in a letter to the Charleston News and Courier, and subsequently it was his privilege to send a contribution to the monument fund, not unworthy of the object, on the part of the officers and cadets of the Charlotte Military Institute and of the South Carolinians living in Charlotte, N. C.

I recall how on that occasion one gallant Virginian, residing in Charlotte, came to me and claimed the privilege of showing his appreciation of the nobility of Gen. Jenkins by sharing in the proposed honor to his memory. The monument was promptly erected in Magnolia cemetery, Charleston, S. C., and the graves of General Jenkins and of his wife are immediately in front of the monument. The monument is of granite, about 12 feet high, and is situated near the center of the cemetery, in a space of ground just west of the great oak—fit emblem of the strength of Jenkins's character. The front of the monument has only the word "JENKINS," in raised letters, on the base, and two crossed guns at the top of the shaft. On the front of the shaft is a well-executed design in relief of a saber and belt. The monument bears the following inscription:

MICAH JENKINS,
BRIG.-GEN. C. S. A.
BORN DEC. 1, 1835,
EDISTO ISLAND, S. C.

A GRADUATE OF
THE CITADEL
ACADEMY
WITH FIRST HONORS.
KILLED AT THE HEAD
OF HIS BRIGADE, IN
THE BATTLE OF
THE WILDERNESS,
MAY 6, 1864.
"INTEGER VITAE."

ERECTED TO HIS
MEMORY BY THE
ASSOCIATION OF
CITADEL GRADUATES
AND OTHER COMRADES
AND FRIENDS.

Major-General, afterwards Judge, J. B. Kershaw's account of the death of Gen. Micah Jenkins, as given by him to Hawkins K. Jenkins, Esq.:

"We were preparing to make an attack upon the enemy, which we

thought would result in his defeat and great loss. The movement was General Jenkins's. Mahone's brigade was ordered into position, and in order to reach its position, Jenkins's brigade had to pass between it and the enemy. General Longstreet and staff, General Jenkins and some of his staff, I and some others were riding in a bunch about fifty or sixty yards ahead of Jenkins's brigade. As we passed in front of Mahone his men poured a deadly volley into us. Longstreet was wounded, two of his aids were also wounded; General Jenkins was shot in the head, and one of the staff officers instantly killed. My first impulse was to get out of the line of fire, as I realized at once what the trouble was, so I spurred my horse and jumped into the bushes. Looking back, I saw Jenkins's brigade preparing to return the fire. I immediately spurred my horse into the space between the two brigades, drew my sword, ordered Jenkins's brigade to lie down, and called out to Mahone's brigade that we were friends. My order to Jenkins's brigade was promptly obeyed, and like all its movements, even in the severest battles, was executed with as much smoothness and accuracy as if on dress parade.

"General Jenkins was passionately fond of his men, and during his campaigns insisted on the strictest discipline as the surest means of protection, and of saving them in times of greatest danger. He was the most magnetic man I ever met, and I believe the finest soldier."

Charleston, S. C., Sept. 24, 1903.

Col. Jno. P. Thomas, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Colonel: In asking me to add to your proposed tribute to Micah Jenkins you have imposed upon me the heart-trying task of lifting the pall from a long lost and buried love. Drawn together at the age of 15 by affinities which neither of us tried, or cared to analyze, our thoughts, our aspirations, our lives flowed on for 13 years like the sap to twin buds upon a single stem. And yet we were not alike: we seemed, rather, to be complements of each other. Now, as I view him in a perspective of nearly 40 passed years, he towers above all my intimate contemporary acquaintances as the embodiment of all moral excellences, of all the potentialities of manly greatness. As a youth he was vivacious, impulsive and impetuous; but his vivacity was elicited only by what was clean and pure; his impulsiveness and impetuosity were ever under the watchful guard of honor. I have never known a man more prompt to make frank and spontaneous amends for any hasty work or act that would unjustly wound another. To be generous, just,

and brave, seemed to be the law of his nature. He scorned a meanness as he did a lie.

He took great delight in the society of ladies, and his attitude towards them was of the chivalrous character that poets give to the palmiest days of knighthood. He was no recipient or retailer of scandalous gossips, and he scrupulously shunned all ribald, loose talk that some men indulge in when far from the restraints of home life. During the first two years of his cadet life he had fallen into the senseless habit of freely using profane expressions in his conversation. A companion, not free himself from the same habit, undertook to lecture him on the subject, and the result was a banter from Jenkins that both should drop the habit from that moment, with the understanding that the first to lapse should turn his back and let the other strike him with utmost force between the shoulders. In less than five minutes Jenkins incurred the penalty. The blow was given with vigor and received in good faith, and for both of them the habit was broken for life. From that day no one heard a profane expression fall from his lips; from that day, with him, began in earnest the discipline of self-control. For over five years after his graduation the responsibilities of an instructor of youths carried on this discipline and prepared him for the tragedy of patriotism in which he was about to take a part.

In his 20th year he was confirmed in the Episcopal church of Yorkville, and continued a regular communicant and "Christ's faithful servant" until his life's end. His was a simple, unquestioning faith in God's promises; his piety was absolutely free from anything like ostentation, and at home, or in camp, or on the field of battle, his Bible or his prayer book was always in reach of his hand. On many occasions in the field we read the Word together. One of these most deeply punctuated in my memory happened about midday on the field of Second Manassas or Groveton. It was known that the decisive struggle would take place that afternoon, and I was sent as a staff officer to place certain brigades in position. Passing a short distance in rear of Jenkins's brigade, I came upon Jenkins reclining on the slope of a hill. The young and handsome Col. Thomas Glover was lying on his back, pillowing his head on his two hands, the staunch and lovable Cato Seabrook, adjutant-general of Jenkins's brigade, was partly reclining near by. After dismounting and greeting them and giving such information as I had of the status of things, I noted that Jenkins held a small book in his hand, with one finger inserted between the leaves to mark the place where the reading had been interrupted by my

advent. Anticipating my inquiry, he said: "We have been reading some of the gospels and epistles in the prayer book, and commenting on Paul's soldier spirit. Listen." He read that part of the Epistle to the Ephesians beginning, "Put on the whole armor of God," etc. At the conclusion he said, "God grant that at the end, to both God and the country, each one of us may be able to say with Paul, 'I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith.'" Alas! Alas! When night fell upon that fateful field, Glover and five other South Carolina colonels were dead; poor, pious Seabrook was slowly dying at the field hospital from a bullet through his body; and Jenkins was having his severe wound dressed by the surgeons.

Of the thousands of gallant young men whom our State sent to the front to vindicate her course and to uphold her honor, none was better equipped than Jenkins for the struggle. His training in the military school of the State, his experience in the military training of youths and the self-discipline necessarily involved, backed by his strong, clear intellect and forceful will, all conspired to make him an ideal officer. His handling of his troops in the battle of Seven Pines brilliantly illustrates his superb skill and audacity. Receiving the simple order to drive the enemy from his front, he moved his well-drilled troops forward with the steadiness of a parade movement, over abatis and breastworks, through camp after camp, and broke line after line of opposing forces in his relentless advance of at least a mile and a half. Finally, at dark, with no enemy in sight, and far in advance of the general alignment of the Confederate forces, he formed his line across the Williamsburg road and literally

"Sheathed his sword,
For lack of argument."

This single splendid deed was enough to win undying fame.

Was he ambitious? Yes; he was full of an ambition free from all sordid or selfish taint—an ambition for high achievement in the cause of humanity and country, the noble ambition of exalted souls. He was a magnetic man among men. The rare blending in him of tenderness of heart with great force of character could not fail to attract and dominate all who came within his sphere of influence.

The last scene in his too short but glorious career still haunts my waking dreams. We had reached the Wilderness just in time to check the enemy's pursuit of A. P. Hill's broken brigades. Shortly afterwards the enemy's left flank was turned by Kershaw and Mahone and his troops were

driven in rapid flight back to the Brock road. As the order was given for his brigade to advance, Jenkins made my regiment the "battalion of direction" and indicated the point of attack, then grasping my hand with more than usual fervor said, "God bless you, old man. Tell your men that South Carolina looks to each individual son to win this fight today." He left me to join Longstreet and Kershaw with their staff officers and couriers. Suddenly a volley of firing was begun by some of our troops in front and as suddenly it stopped. In a few minutes Col. Robert Sims rode up to tell me that Jenkins and a courier or staff officer were killed and General Longstreet was probably mortally wounded by that firing. In a moment I was at my friend's side, but to my passionate appeal for recognition no answer came

—the bullet was too deeply imbedded in the base of the brain.

After the lines were arranged for the night I rode back to the field hospital to have my own wound attended to and to take a last look upon the face of my hero friend. I could scarcely believe that he was dead, for as the fitful flashes of the torchlight fell upon his face I saw the same sweet, proud smile of victory that lighted up his face at our late parting. For him, a glorious death! For those that were left, only woe.

Here, dear colonel, I must stop. Please place this little crumpled leaf somewhere in the beautiful chaplet you are weaving around the memory of my dear heroic friend.

Very truly yours,
Asbury Coward.



II. A SOLDIER'S STORY OF HIS BATTLES.

Jenkins's account of battles in which he was engaged as colonel or as brigadier-general, or as acting major-general, as given in letters to wife or brother, with supplementary accounts by Longstreet and others:

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Camp Pettus, July 25, 1861.

Headquarters 5th Reg., S. C. V.

My Dear Brother: You will have heard ere this of the glorious victory won by us on Sunday last. I write to relieve any anxiety on our account. All you know are unhurt. My regiment behaved with great gallantry, and made a charge that well might be remembered. We turned the right of the enemy and through the mercy of God and the folly of the enemy caused upwards of 5,000 to leave the field. Our brigade was ordered, in connection with two others, to assume the offensive and attack a very formidable battery of Sherman's guns. Before we made the attack the orders were countermanded and the two other brigades did not move. We did not receive the countermand, and made the attack, my regiment leading. The fire was so intense—74 guns being fired upon us in the space of 10 minutes—that the two Mississippi regiments broke and fled in perfect panic, first pouring into us, their friends, a terrific musketry fire which cut us up badly, the first fire sweeping down nine of Seabrook's company. Never faltering, I charged up to the hill upon which the enemy was found, when I halted and reformed my lines amid a hail storm of grape and shell. Looking around for my support in storming the hill, I found myself with 600 men, isolated in the presence of four infantry regiments—a squadron of cavalry and eight pieces of artillery. Closing my ranks, I stood with my gallant fellows for three-quarters of an hour amid the bursting of shells, and then, not hearing anything of the brigade, I unwillingly decided to withdraw. First, however, I drove the enemy from their guns and into the woods by my rifle fire, and then slowly and deliberately withdrew from the field and found my brigade rallied about three-fourths of a mile from me. The enemy, after retreating into the woods upon my fire, retreated and joined in the rout which took place about the same time. I saved my brigade from ruin by the determination with which I held my place, and the enemy, magnifying by their fears our force, thought we were 15,000 men and Jeff Davis turning their flank, which accounts for their retreating before so small a force. The

shots fell around me like hail. I was in the center of this fire, being the only officer on horseback. One man was shot by my side and a bullet knocked the stirrup from my foot, but God's hand shielded me from harm. Our brigade lost in killed and wounded 70 odd men in the space of 10 minutes. I lost more by our friends than enemies. I had 26 killed and wounded. None of Seabrook's men were killed, but nine wounded. Ben (body servant), when he heard that we were cut to pieces and I killed, which was the news carried by some of the Mississippians who ran five miles to the junction, was requested by Mr. Wheeler to save himself and go on the cars to Warrenton, refused to leave me. I will tell you more when I see you. We are now resting from our fighting. May God bless you all. His hand was with us in our fight. Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,
Micah Jenkins.

To Maj. John Jenkins.

BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

Headquarters Palmetto Sharpshooters,
June 2, 1862.

My Ever Precious Wife: Thanks be to our Almighty Father, I am still alive to write you again. I passed day before yesterday through a very severe fight and have won for myself and men a name in history. I accomplished a more brilliant feat than the charge at Balaklava. With two regiments (Palmetto Sharpshooters and the Sixth regiment, Col. John Bratton, about 1,800 men.—R. F. J.) I whipped and routed General Couch's division, driving them two miles, fighting fine lines of fresh troops and routing every line, and getting so far ahead of our line that our own guns opened on us. I was struck upon the knee, drawing blood and unfortunately ruining my pants. The brigade under my command covered itself with glory; saving the fate of the day, which was against us when we went in, and setting South Carolina on as high a position as ever. I have been highly complimented. Gen. D. H. Hill, our commander, called my command his "salvation," refused to let me retire yesterday to recruit and get ammunition, saying that he would feel as if he had weakened himself by six brigades. He held me to act as rear guard, selecting me, cut up as we were, out of three divisions as being most reliable, and said to others he would rather have me with one regiment than any brigadier with five. I never fought in the same grounds twice, nor the same place five minutes,

breaking five lines of fresh troops by charging with bayonets, never getting within 75 yards of them, took three of their camps, three pieces of artillery and three stands of colors. My regiment have acted as heroes to sing in history, never faltering, but ever at my word pressing on until night, after six hours steady fighting, ended our labors for the day. I have never heard of such fighting. Out of the 11 color guards, I only brought back one, and in the two color companies I carried in 80 men and lost 40 killed and wounded. I was in my lines or in advance the whole time, cheering and leading my men. The brigade has lost severely. In my regiment I had 20 killed and 202 wounded. Cato Seabrook is safe. I was only hit once, but suffer nothing but soreness and the loss of a pair of pants. Carolinians need feel ashamed no longer. I will send you with this letter an album. You will see General Couch's remarks that his division that I routed was some 7,000 men. May God keep me for you, dearest. Till death yours, Micah Jenkins.

To Mrs. M. Jenkins.

From Longstreet's Work, "Manassas to Appomattox," on battle of Seven Pines:

Finding that he could not cut his way back to his command, Couch stood back from the railroad and presently opened his battery fire across our advancing lines. As he was standing directly in front of Smith's division we thought that he would soon be attacked and driven off. Nevertheless it was not prudent to leave that point on our flank unguarded until we found Smith's division in action. The force was shut off from our view by the thick pine wood, so that we could know nothing of its strength, and only knew of its position from its artillery fire. We could not attack it lest we should fall under the fire of the division in position for that attack. Anderson's other regiments, under the gallant Col. M. Jenkins, were ordered into Hill's forward battle, as his troops were worn. Jenkins soon found himself in the van, and so swiftly led on that the discomfited troops found no opportunity to rally. Reinforcements from the Third corps came, but in the swampy woods Jenkins was prompt enough to strike their heads as their retreating comrades passed. Right and left and front he applied his beautiful tactics and pushed his battle.

General Kearny, finding that he could not arrest the march, put Berry's brigade off to the swamp to flank and strike it, and took part of Jamison's brigade to follow. They got into the swamp and followed it up to the opening near the Couch intrenchment. General Berry thought that he got up as far as the Casey camp, but mistook

Couch's opening for that of Casey, but Jenkins knew that there was some one there to meet him and pushed his onward battle. General Hill ordered Rain's brigade to turn this new force, while Rodes attacked, but the latter's men were worn, and some of them were with the advance. Kemper's brigade was sent to support the forward battle, but General Hill directed it to his right against Berry in front of Rain, and it seemed that the heavy, swampy ground so obstructed operations on both sides as to limit their work to infantry fusillades until 6 o'clock.

The following is from the pen of Capt. W. B. Smith, Co. G, Jenkins's Palmetto Sharpshooters:

"I will give you a description of that grand evolution that the Palmetto Sharpshooters made at Seven Pines, which you will see described by Longstreet. After we had driven back four fresh lines of battle General Jenkins drew his lines back a short way and formed a new line. Some one said to him: 'Colonel, just look at them coming at the double-quick.' Jenkins replied: 'We will meet them at the double-quick.' He straightened himself up in his stirrups and gave the command to charge front on twelfth company at the double-quick, and I never saw on ordinary parade a prettier maneuver, General Jenkins was magic. He could come nearer making his men work like machinery than any other man I ever saw. That was the last charge at Seven Pines, at which ended the battle. We fought five fresh lines that evening and whipped every one. Jenkins was on his horse all through the battle. I am glad that some one is writing up General Jenkins's battles, for a braver Christian soldier never drew a sword than he."

SEVEN PINES.

Gen. G. W. Smith, who succeeded to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia on the wounding of Gen. J. E. Johnston, has this to say in his report of the battle of Seven Pines:

"The battlefield fighting done by the two regiments under the command of Col. Micah Jenkins has never been surpassed in the annals of history, and I doubt if it has ever been equaled."

LETTER FROM ROBT. T. JENKINS—A SON.

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 13, 1903.

Col. J. P. Thomas, Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Sir: The battles of Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Frayser's Farm, presents Col. Micah Jenkins and that glorious regiment, "Jenkins's Palmetto

Sharpshooters," which had no superior, if an equal in either army, in each a different light. At Seven Pines we see them proudly sweeping before them in the full flush of victory, five lines of fresh troops, and capturing three entrenched camps, etc. At Gaines' Mill occurred what has been styled "a duel between two regiments." Just after sunset the Sixteenth Michigan and the Palmetto Sharpshooters came out of the woods almost side by side. Facing towards them and placing his regiment at the "ready," Colonel Jenkins advanced towards the approaching troops, now less than 100 yards off and said: "What regiment is that?" Receiving no reply, and as they still advanced with their colors furled, he again said: "If you don't show your colors I will fire on you." "Halt" was the reply. Something in the tone of voice convinced him instantly that they were the enemy. Dropping where he stood he gave the command, "fire," the enemy covering the word with "ready."

Now only 50 or 60 yards apart, the fire of the Sharpshooters seemed literally to sweep them from the face of the earth—the entire regiment except a mere handful were killed or wounded. But gallant indeed was that little remnant rallying round their commander and their colors; they still presented a bold front, but seeing the folly of further fight, on being summoned to surrender, Colonel Stockton said: "Colonel, you have slain all my gallant men but this little band; you might as well take them." Such was the severity of the return fire that over 100 of the Palmetto Sharpshooters were killed or wounded. It was only that "quickness" of their commander, so noted, and their own readiness that saved them from the fate of their gallant foe. The colors of the Sixteenth Michigan were presented to Governor Pickens by Col. Micah Jenkins, and are now probably in the capitol at Columbia.

And now we come to that charge which has cast a luster on the very name of Carolina—the battle of Frayser's Farm.

General Longstreet, in his "From Manassas to Appomatox," says:

"While awaiting the approach of Jackson, President Davis, Gens. R. E. Lee and A. P. Hill and his staff joined me in a little clearing of about three acres curtailed by dense pine forest. Very soon we were disturbed by a few shells tearing and screaming through the woods over our heads, one or two bursting in our midst and wounding a courier. The opening was speedily cleared of the distinguished group. Near the battery from which the shots came was Col. Micah Jenkins, who had a battalion of practiced sharpshooters. I sent orders for Jenkins to silence the battery, under the impres-

sion that our wait was understood, and that the sharpshooters would be pushed forward, till they could pick off the gunners, thus ridding us of the annoyance. But the gallant Jenkins, only too anxious for a dash at a battery, charged and captured it, and thus precipitated the battle"—thus sending one regiment unsupported against General McCall's division. Advancing to the edge of the woods with his little band of 375 men, a remnant of the 1,400 heroes who began the "seven days' campaign," there opened out before them across the field of Frayser's Farm not a battery only but a long line of entrenched troops. Making his men lie down, Colonel Jenkins sent his aid, Lieut. John W. Jamison, to General Longstreet to report 'that instead of a battery it was at least a brigade entrenched, and he thought it a division, and that he awaited orders.' Unable to find General Longstreet, Lieutenant Jamison reported to Colonel Fairfax, his chief of staff. Colonel Fairfax replied: 'Longstreet ordered that battery silenced.' I have what follows mainly from the lips of the gallant Jamison, who in that very fight was to get the terrible wound that made him a heroic martyr to his death: 'Reporting to Colonel Jenkins the order of Colonel Fairfax, I heard him say, as if in prayer, "My God, my poor men." Riding out in front of the regiment, my father told my sainted mother, "I was never so nearly unmanned. Every eye was upon me and I knew that at my word so many, ah, so many, of my brave boys ere the setting of the sun would be sleeping their last long sleep." Riding up and down in front of his men he led them across that field. Within 50 yards his first horse was killed. Staggering like a ship at sea beating against the wind, they worked their arduous way. Incessant was the roar, unceasing was the storm of shot and shell, terrible was the cry of the file-closers, "Close up, close up," as by ones and twos and fives and tens the gaps were made. Enfiladed at 300 yards by 12 pieces of artillery, firing grape and shell, still undaunted they pressed on. Death and red carnage held full sway. Thirteen times were the color bearers shot down, and still there was a hero ever ready to grasp those colors and to bear it on to death or victory. Ever onward they forced their way through blood and death; they reached the breastworks, and over it their colonel leaps, his wounded horse there to fall, followed by his devoted band. The battery is theirs. Seizing one of the pieces, Capt. R. M. Sims, Lieutenant Moore, R. P. Smith and Ed. Cardwell load and fire on the retreating foe. They silenced the battery, but, oh! at what a cost! Lieutenant Jamison shot through the lungs—a martyr for life—and of the 375,

125 reported for duty next day, and think of it, not a single prisoner.'

I give here Colonel Jenkins's letter to his wife:

July 3, 1862.

My Own Dearest: I write with the most saddened feelings. God has been most merciful, but, oh my God, what terrible trials have we been through. Nearly all my best friends, men and officers, killed and wounded. In my regiment in the fight on Monday I carried 375 men and had 250 killed and wounded. Never was such gallantry shown. I had the brigade and was ordered forward by Generals Anderson and Longstreet. The enemy behind breastworks poured their fire into us until within 30 feet before they gave back, and 12 pieces of artillery, for a quarter of a mile, enfiladed my line at 300 yards with grape and shell. We drove everything before us, but when we got there scarce anybody left. Even the Yankee officers, the colonel commanding the brigade, said never was such a charge made before. I have not time to write you more now. Poor John, shot through the lungs. I pray God he may recover. I am the most singular instance of the providence of God. My sword shot off with a grape, broken again by a ball, the sword knot cut by a ball, my bridle rein cut with a ball, my saddle cloth cut with a ball, my horse shot under me twice, my overcoat, tied behind my saddle, cut in a dozen places with shell, I hit upon the shoulder with a grape and upon the breast with a shell, am here to praise and bless Him. And if I live, my wife, my life is His hereafter. I dedicate it to His service. May God bless and keep you. I have not time to write more.

Yours till death,

Micah Jenkins.

The battle of Balaklava echoed round the world. It was a cavalry charge. In they rushed, and glad indeed they were to rush out again. They accomplished nothing. Their loss was terrible—35 per cent. This unequalled band of Carolinians on foot worked their way across that gory field of over a quarter of a mile, captured the battery and held it. Their loss was over 66 per cent. It was the grandest charge ever made by any body of men. General McCall, the Federal commander, says: "It was my fortune to witness one of the fiercest bayonet charges that ever occurred on this continent. I saw skulls smashed with musket butts and bayonets, wounds given and taken, thus proving that Greek met Greek." Their comrades right and left, enthused to the highest pitch, rushed in with the same spirit, and thus was the battle joined. Never was a more heroic and devoted band than those color bearers. F. W. Poe of Greenville, after five or six were slain, bore the colors so

proudly as to command the admiration of his colonel, "Look at my brave boy." Alas, he bore it on to death. C. L. Reid of Walhalla, shot full of bullets, proudly bore it on to victory. Such was the emulation caused by the very name of Jenkins's brigade that they ever afterward began Longstreet's battles—an inspiration to their friends, a terror to their foe. To tell their deeds, my humble pen falters—it needs a Tennyson to sing their praise, and if their proud mother, Carolina, but did them simple justice she would inscribe the name of each and every one of them on her topmost roll of fame, in letters that would never fade; and ever point, in pride, her sons to their achievements. Yours most truly,

Robert F. Jenkins.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT CREEK.

Headquarters Hood's Division,

Oct. 29, 1863.

My Beloved Wife: Last night I had a terrible fight with immense odds of the Yankees. Yesterday evening a column of the enemy, consisting of the 11th army corps, passed our left and joined a body of some 6,000, then about three miles below us. A number of wagons and apparently about 1,000 men stopped and camped three miles in the rear of the party above mentioned. I was ordered by General Longstreet to take four brigades of the division I commanded to make an attempt to destroy and capture the smaller party. To do this I had to cross a creek passable by two broken bridges (planks had been torn up, only the sleepers left.—R. F. J.) and get between the main body of some 12,000 and the party I was ordered to attack. I proceeded to do this as ordered, the forces under my command being near 4,000. Placing two brigades under General Law to prevent the larger force from cutting off my attacking party, I sent my brigade under Col. John Bratton, to make the attack. This they did splendidly, meeting not as was expected a party of 1,000, but the 12th corps of some 5,000, which had come up after night. Nothing daunted by the odds, my brave boys drove on and captured the wagon train, camps, etc., and in a few minutes would have had the whole Yankee force routed and their guns captured, but at this time the 12,000 men on the other side pressed against the brigades under General Law, who failing to prevent their passing his left, they reached the third supporting brigade, a very small one, and threatened to get between my brigade and us, thus compelling me to recall my brigade in the midst of success. Under the trying circumstances it withdrew in perfect order, and although pressed now by 15,000 Federals, I succeeded in retiring my whole force

across two broken bridges without the loss of an additional man. The fight was made at 10 o'clock at night, and lasted until 3 a. m. My brigade lost 361, amongst whom was my noble Colonel Kilpatrick killed, and a number of my gallant officers wounded. Lieutenants Mullinax and Crossby of Captain Meacham's company both wounded—the captain not in the fight. The enemy lost some 1,200 to 1,500 killed and wounded. Colonel Coward distinguished himself, as did his regiment particularly—it lost heavily.

I feel more grateful to God and more proud of this occasion than of any of my battles. Your loving husband,

Micah Jenkins.

To Mrs. M. Jenkins.

LONGSTREET'S "MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX," LOOKOUT CREEK.

My estimate of the Federal forces was 5,000. Gen. Bragg thought it not so strong, and appearance from the elevation seemed to justify this estimate. Presently the rear-guard came in sight and made its bivouac immediately in front of the position on which we stood. The latter force was estimated at 1,500, and halted about three miles in rear of the main body. A plan was laid to capture the rear-guard by night attack. He proposed to send me, McLaw's and Jenkins's divisions for the work, and ordered that it should be done in time for the divisions to withdraw to the point of the mountain before daylight, left me to arrange details for the attack, and rode to give orders for the divisions, but changed his mind without giving me notice, and only ordered Jenkins's division. After marching his command General Jenkins rode to the top of the mountain and reported. As General Law's detached service had given him opportunity to learn something of the country, his brigade was chosen as the brigade of position, between the parts of the enemy's forces. General Law was to move first, get into position by crossing the bridge over Lookout creek, to be followed by Jenkins's other brigades, when McLaw's division was to advance into position in support of Law's brigade. I waited on the mountain until midnight and then rode to the point of assembly, found the officers in wait discussing the movement, and upon inquiry found that McLaw's division had not been ordered. Under the impression that the other division commander understood that the movement had failed, I rode back to headquarters without giving countermanding orders. The gallant Jenkins, however, decided that the plan should not be abandoned, and went to work in its execution with his single division. To quiet the apprehensions of General

Law, he gave him Robertson's brigade to be posted with his own and Benning's brigade as their support, and ordered his own brigade, under Colonel Bratton, to move cautiously against the rearguard and make the attack if opportunity was encouraging. As soon as Colonel Bratton engaged, the alarm spread, the enemy hastened to the relief of his rear, encountered the troops posted to receive them and made swift, severe battle. General Law claimed that he drove off their fight, and under the impression that Colonel Bratton had finished his work, recrossed the bridge, withdrew his command, leaving Colonel Bratton at the tide of his engagement. General Jenkins and Colonel Bratton were left to their own cool and gallant skill to extricate the brigade from the swoop of numbers accumulating against them, and with the assistance of the brave Bennings Rock brigade brought the command safely over, Benning's brigade crossing as Bratton reached the bridge. The conduct of Bratton's forces was one of the cleverest pieces of work of the war, and the skill of its handling softened the blow that took so many of our gallant officers and soldiers. Colonel Bratton made clever disposition of his men and handled them well. He met gallant resistance, and at one time had part of his command forced back, but renewed the attack, making his line stronger, forced the enemy into crowded ranks, and had him under converging circular fire, with fair prospects, when recalled under orders to hasten to the bridge.

General Law lost (aggregate) 43.

General Robertson lost (aggregate) 9.

Colonel Bratton lost (aggregate) 356.

It was an oversight of mine not to give definite orders for the troops to return to their camps before leaving them.

James Longstreet,

Lieut.-Gen.

LONGSTREET ON JENKINS'S BRIGADE.

"And this is the epitome of the Confederate battle (Gettysburg). The army when it set out on the campaign was all that could be desired (except that the arms were not all of the most approved pattern), but it was despoiled of two of its finest brigades, Jenkins's and Corse's, of Pickett's division, and was fought out by detail."

LONGSTREET AT THE SURRENDER.

"Seasoned by four years of battle, triumphant the veterans in that body stood at Appomattox when the sun rose on the 9th day of April, 1865, as invincible of valor as on the morning of 31st of August, 1862, after breaking up the Union lines of the second field of Manassas." *

III. THE INNER LIFE OF MICAH JENKINS.

With the exception of Asbury Coward, the Citadel classmate of Jenkins, his associate in the Kings Mountain Military School and his close comrade in arms, as well as a participant in a common glory of military achievements, there was, perhaps, no man outside of Jenkins's family nearer to him in friendship's golden bands than the writer of this paper. Especially were we brought close together in the communion of a common sorrow when my younger brother, Robert Kirk Thomas, the Lycidas of my family, died, April 10, 1860, in the service of the Kings Mountain Military School, called thither upon his graduation at the Citadel, by Messrs. Coward and Jenkins, the principals of that famous school.

It was Major Jenkins's letter to me, April 19, 1860, that first revealed to me the full nobility of Jenkins, the wealth of his feelings and the depth of his Christian convictions. This treasured letter is the finest of the kind that I have ever read. The pathos of it moves me to this day, though written 43 years ago, when the laurel and the cypress were the fresh symbols of a brother's short career.

I hope to be excused for quoting here one passage of Jenkins's letter, to illustrate not my brother, but his noble friend: "Your brother seemed anxious that I should nurse him, and although at that time I thought he would be better, yet he seemed so low spirited that I told him that I would be his nurse until he grew better. I tried to cheer him as much as possible. Seeing how restless he was, and thinking it might be good for him to have his mind engaged with something besides his bad feelings, I took the Bible and read two of the beautiful and appropriate Psalms of David, which seemed to give him great pleasure and quieted him for some time. After awhile he turned to me and said, 'Major, cheer me up.' I replied that I would do all I could and that I had prayed and would pray to God for him, but that he should pray too. He assented by nodding his head, talking seemed to weary him, and then I said to him: 'You know whom to pray to, Thomas.' He again bent his head with an expressive and kind look. This I said to lead his thoughts where I felt his hopes were to be placed, for I now was much alarmed about him, as all the stimulants seemed to have no effect. From this short conversation and what followed, I have no doubt that he was fully aware of his situation, much better indeed than we were. About 1 o'clock the doctor returned and remained until the death, doing everything that man could do, but God

had higher and nobler aims for our friend, and our labors were in vain. About 4 o'clock, seeing no change, I proposed to the doctor that he should speak to him of his situation and give him, while there was yet time, the opportunity to say what was to be of such comfort to us all. At this time, hope had forsaken us, and the hand of God was on your brother's brow. The doctor asked him if he were aware of his situation. He bent his head. The doctor told him we had done all we could for him, and that he must now look to God. He said, 'I put my trust in Christ.' The doctor said there could be no higher or surer place for faith. He replied: 'I have great faith in Christ.'

"I then said to him, 'And you know, Thomas, Christ has said those who acknowledge Him here He will acknowledge in Heaven.' The thought of not having made any declaration of his faith seemed to have been on his mind, for, as I said this, his face brightened and he said with great eagerness, 'I have acknowledged Him,' and called us to witness. I now brought in his brother (a cadet in the school), and speaking to him, he said: 'Howdy, Charlie, always do your duty. Tell my mother I am going home to Heaven.' He then thanked us all for our kindness and said, in a broken voice with great exertion: 'Give my love to my mother, to my sisters, to my brothers, to my friends.' * * * About 30 minutes before he died he repeated the Lord's prayer, and, oh! what beauty and feeling was displayed in his broken and touching voice, but seeming to gather strength from the theme his voice grew stronger and to the last was full and loud. He repeated three times and with increasing solemnity: 'And Thine is the glory forever,' and then made an attempt to sing, seeming to see high above him the glories of the future—and with a smile upon his face extended upwards his arms until his strength failed and he fell back. He rested now for 10 minutes seemingly in prayer, and then in a tone that still rings in my heart, said 'Farewell.' This was the last word he ever spoke, and soon after, turning upon his side and holding the doctor's hand, the angels of God claimed his spirit from us, leaving us to mourn our loss, and triumph in his gain.

* * * * *

To Coward and myself the loss is irreparable, for with a noble assistant we lost a truthful, earnest friend. I never expect to have another fill his place in my respect and heart that he held; but I, too, trust that God has sanctified his death to us all."

This was the mind and the heart of Micah Jenkins four years before he passed away in the glory of battle for his country.

How applicable to each, my brother and our friend, the words of the poet:

"Thou wert the morning star among
the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead."

But the inner life and the soul of Micah Jenkins we find further grandly unfolded in the letters received by his wife, herself the noblest type of womanhood, and soon after the tragic ending of her husband's brilliant career on his last field of battle.

Headquarters Palmetto Sharpshooters,
near Richmond, Va., May 28, 1862.

My Beloved Wife: I got a letter five days old today, nad was happy to hear from you again. I am now in the hands of my God, wife, and I entrust you and my dear children to His fatherly keeping. The great battle is very, very near, I think. I trust our prayers may be favorably considered by our God and that His hand will cover and protect me, so that when this unhappy war is over I may live to be a husband to you and a father to my children. If it please God to take me away, thus early in life, bid my children, when they are old enough to understand, to be good and true men, doing their duty to you, to their country and their God. Guard and guide them as if I were with you, and be to me a true wife, till God unites us in Heaven. I trust and believe the coming fight will triumphantly vindicate the righteousness of our cause, and though I may fall, yet I hope a blessed peace will soon give back to our country the comfort and prosperity so much to be desired. At my country's feet I lay my young life. Into God's keeping I leave you.

Yours till death,
M. Jenkins.

THE REV. JAMES McDOWELL'S LETTER.

The Rev. James McDowell, the chaplain of one of General Jenkins's regiments, in a letter dated Petersburg, Va., July 11, 1864, thus writes to Mrs. Jenkins of his last interviews with her husband:

"I saw your dear husband twice after his last return from home, and had each time a pleasant interview with him. The first of these occasions was the very day he got back to camp. The Rev. Mr. Craig went with me and we called on him in his tent. Although he was not well he met us in

his usual warm-hearted and cordial manner. From his inquiries and conversation he appeared to feel a deeper interest in the spiritual welfare of his brigade than I ever witnessed before, and more anxious than ever, by his example and influence, to promote the cause of that Savior whom he professed and on whom he relied. Little did I think then that he would so soon be taken from us, but I believe that God was then, and had been for some time before, preparing him for the great and important change he was soon to experience. I believe that the death of his and your dear little child last fall, then the death of his dear mother, whom he seemed to love so tenderly, and then your illness, that he spoke to me about and that had caused him so much anxiety; as well as other dealings of God with him, were blessed to his soul and were used as means by a gracious and merciful God in lifting him above the things of this world and ripening him for that bright and happy home to which I trust and believe he has gone. The next time I saw the general, which was the last time we ever conversed together in the world, was the day before he fought his last battle. He was not well enough to ride on horseback without pain, and consequently traveled in an ambulance, for we were on our march to the battlefield. I rode along by his ambulance for some distance and remained with him some little time during one of the rests. We conversed pleasantly together on various subjects, and amongst other things we spoke of the delightful time we all spent together on the Blackwater, when you and Mrs. McDowell came and visited us. He seemed to look back to it with great pleasure. The next day he was brought back to our hospital about midday—from the battlefield where he had received his mortal wound—in an ambulance. As soon as the ambulance stopped I hurried into it, stooped down by the general and called him, hoping I would be able to converse with him, but he was insensible, could not speak. It was truly an affecting sight and one I shall long remember. He was taken into a tent, where he died about 5 o'clock Friday evening. I saw him a number of times after he was laid out, dressed in his uniform and covered with his battleflag. There was a pleasant smile on his face, and he looked as if in a sweet sleep. Saturday the band of the Sixth regiment played "Old Hundred" in a very solemn and impressive manner as his remains were being removed from the tent to the ambulance, and afterwards a solemn funeral dirge as they were carried off. The death of General Jenkins was not only deeply felt by his brigade, but by

many others, and by even those who were not personally acquainted with him. I feel that I have lost one of my best friends in the army, and can scarcely realize that I will never again in this world look upon his noble, manly face and receive his warm and kindly greetings. It was at his invitation that I came on as chaplain of the regiment to which I am attached, and I shall always cherish his memory with feelings of love and respect. I feel that we have lost a brave and noble and a gallant leader, and also a true friend, but I believe he was a Christian and that our loss was his eternal gain. Captain Sims told me that not long ago the general proposed one day, after he came back from home, to send for me to have prayers with him, and that they would have done so, but an order came for marching, which prevented their doing so. Your true friend,

(Rev.) James McDowell.

LETTER OF DR. F. L. PARKER,
SURGEON, C. S. A.

Near Ayletts Station, Va.,
May 29, 1864.

Nearly two years ago my brother fell on the field of battle—his wife prized so highly all letters which the affection and interest of friends dictated—she would keep them, she said, for her children.

Believing, my dear Mrs. Jenkins, that you, too, will appreciate similar offerings of friendship and regard on the part of your late lamented husband's friends, I have intended almost daily to write with a view of expressing to you my profound sympathy—to communicate my sincere sorrow, to tell you that there were those in the army who felt very deeply for and with you. I also wished to detail some of the circumstances attending the last moments when, among others attached to him, we watched the gradual decline of one with whom we had shared the happy hours of camp life, whose confidence we had enjoyed, whose noble manly qualities we esteemed, whose gallantry, promptitude, and dash was admitted, and above all, whose piety and genuine worth we fully appreciated.

The general was wounded about 1 p. m. on the 6th, in the battle of the Wilderness. He left his ambulance to mount his horse when many men would have retired to the rear. He had not been well since his return to his command. The circumstances attending his wound are too melancholy to allude to. Like Jackson, he fell by the unfortunate fire of his friends, the country knows it—all unite in lamenting an accident so unfortunate, so fatal.

God, who had shielded him on so many fields of blood and carnage, who had protected him in the glorious advance of his brigade on this occasion, whose banner he upheld and whose cross he carried with the piety of a patriot and the zeal of a Confederate soldier—God permitted the bolt which removed him from us, cutting short a brilliant career, a hopeful, promising future.

But, Mrs. Jenkins, his old staff claim to share the privilege of mourning with you, of sorrowing over the death of one whose affection we valued, whose regard we esteemed, in whose bright promise and gradual advance we participated, and whose death we shall deplore with that deep humility mingled with profound regret belonging only to pure friendship.

Soon after he was wounded he was brought to the infirmary. Every comfort afforded in the field he had. Professional aid was useless. I could do nothing but join with other friends in lamenting a fatality we could not help, a blow we tried to be resigned to. Unusual feeling was manifested throughout the whole division. Nothing could have gratified us more, and amidst all the sadness of that occasion we noticed men, rough, weatherbeaten and worn, men who had served in all the trying battles of the war, who had marched in Virginia, from Chattanooga to Bristol, who had endured the hardships of that terrible campaign in East Tennessee—we observed them, I repeat, with genuine tears of sorrow, saying: "He was a gallant man, a good general."

The general lived six hours, breathing his last a little after 6 p. m. He was semi-conscious. Without recognizing our voices, I think he knew we were with him.

He died confident of victory, and at the last moment, when his gallant spirit took its upward flight, a bright, happy, trusting smile lit up his face. Those around watched it; we thought, we felt, he was with his God.

Personally, Mrs. Jenkins, I feel that I have lost a very, very warm friend; we all feel so; all words of mine would be inadequate to express how totally devoted he was to you and to his little boys.

In the last conversation which we had together, except a salutation on the battlefield, he spoke much about yourself and the ties which bound him to his home. If this letter affords any consolation I shall be gratified. God knows how much I felt for my sister similarly circumstanced, and He only knows how much I feel for you.

I am, madam, with respectful sympathy,
Your friend,

(Signed) Francis L. Parker.

To Mrs. M. Jenkins, Orangeburg.

Extract from the letter to Mrs. Jenkins from the Rev. J. N. Craig, chaplain of the Fifth South Carolina regiment, July 9, 1864:

"I first became acquainted with General Jenkins in 1861, when he was colonel of the Fifth regiment, when I was chaplain of the Ninth, and he used frequently to attend my preaching. For a year before his death I was in his brigade and, with the other chaplains, always received his courteous, respectful treatment and attention. When he last came from home he reached our camp on Sabbath, May 1. That evening Brother McDowell and I were both at his tent. He told us that it was his desire, much more than ever before, to further the cause of religion in our brigade, and that we chaplains must let him know always what he could do for us to facilitate our efforts in that behalf. This he urged very openly and earnestly upon us. Afterwards he sought an interview with Brother Boggs, of the Sixth, and said the same to him. On the 5th of May, 1864, as we were approaching the fatal field on which he and other gallant spirits gave up their lives, I being at the time on foot, he was kind enough to invite me to ride in his ambulance. He was reading his Bible and remarked to me: 'I do not see how any man can go into battle who has not a hope that if he falls it will be well with him.' * * * This one thing I do believe in, namely, that God not only can but often does ripen His children just before taking them, and I can say candidly that ever since the general's death I have hoped that such was the case with him. The foregoing circumstances gave me that hope. He certainly seemed to feel a deeper interest in the religious welfare of the others and a greater desire to work for the church after his last return to camp than before. * * * Do not understand me to say that I think General Jenkins became a Christian just before his death. I hope he was long, long before a child of God and that his latter days gave evidence that God,

"'Who moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,'"

was thus causing him to grow in grace more rapidly than at any previous period—ripening him for the great harvest of glory He was so soon intended to place before him. I trust that your husband is now reaping that harvest of peace and glory.

"J. N. Craig,
"Chaplain Fifth S. C. Regiment."

Letter from the eminent divine, Dr. B. M. Palmer:

Columbia, S. C., May 25, 1864.

My Dear Mrs. Jenkins: I have greatly desired to write you after I heard

of the overwhelming sorrow which has fallen upon you, but grief like yours seems to me so awful that I feared to enter its sanctuary. Will you permit me to sit just outside at the door and mingle my lamentations with the deep sob which breaks from your heart. In the first access of great bereavement, the soul turns away in bitterness from proffered sympathy, it falls so far below the proportions of our own grief as to seem but a mockery. The heart craves to be alone with its sorrows, and finds a melancholy pressing down to the bosom the sharp point by which it has been pierced. I will not deny you the luxury of secret grief, and feel that it is almost profane to disturb by this letter the communion which you hold with your own sad and bitter thoughts. I will not be so indiscreet as to utter words of consolation. The time has not yet come for that. He will comfort you most who can most fully share anguish and meet tears which are nearly as bitter as your own. If an apology is needed for obtruding these lines upon you I would plead what had seemed to me a singular coincidence. On the 25th of April, I traveled on my way to the General Assembly a whole day with your lamented husband. It happened to be an accommodation train, on which were few passengers, and we sat side by side from Columbia to Chester, where he broke off to Yorkville. During this interview of so many hours, he related to me his whole military history, and I could not but admire the high intelligence which marked his conversation, and more than all the sincere and unostentatious piety which pervaded it throughout. I parted from him with an audible prayer that God would bless him, keep him and restore him in safety to those whom he loved. Little did I dream that within two weeks the dead body of my friend would be with me on the same train on which I was returning to my home. Yet so it was. We traveled together both ways, once as he was alive and buoyant, going to the fatal field where his last battle was to be fought, and again when his sword lay an idle ornament above his bier. In the early dawn, the sole living friend, I walked beside his hearse through the silent streets of Columbia, as a small military escort, with solemn martial music, conveyed his mortal remains to the Arsenal Hill. Shall I tell you also of the peculiar circumstances under which I heard the announcement of his death? A day had been set apart by the General Assembly to discuss the whole subject of missions to the army. The Rev. B. T. Lay, one of our commissioners to the troops in Virginia, was making an eloquent and pathetic address which melted the audience into tears. He was twice interrupted by dispatches brought into

the church and read from the platform, announcing the triumph of our arms across the Mississippi and on the blood-stained fields of Virginia, and at the close of this last the heavy tidings fell upon my ears that General Jenkins was killed. With what crushing weight those words fell upon my heart! I strove for two days to be incredulous, hoping against hope that there was some mistake in the name. It seemed impossible that the brave and gallant and Christian friend with whom I had conversed through a whole day's travel, just a little before, was now no more, but this stubborn skepticism had to give way to a feeling of sadness which I have not since thrown off. It is true my acquaintance with your husband was far from intimate, but he belonged to his country, and his patriotism, his bravery, his distinguished service to the cause which lies so near my heart—all these had made him my brother. Then I, too, had married him. Memory went back to the morning when with the rising sun I was permitted to witness and to seal that holy covenant, the joy of which is now turned to bitter sorrow for you, my poor afflicted sister. If I knew him but slightly, I had at least been associated with him in one of the most solemn and sacred actions of his life. There were associations with him through you, as your husband he could not be a stranger to me. The warm affection I have for your father, and the tender recollections spent with you at your father's home, would have led me to follow him with my eyes had life long stretched out to fourscore years. When that dismal telegram was read in the open assembly of my church, I bowed my head and wept for the sorrow that had come upon you, tasting, perhaps, at that very same moment the first bitterness of widowhood. Would to God that I could put sweetness into that draught. But no, it is only given you to say with your great Master, "if this cup cannot pass from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." It has not passed from you; you must drink it, daughter of sorrow, even to its dregs, and we who witness the torture of your spirit must feel the almost equal anguish of witnessing the grief—the grief which we cannot alleviate. It would be a relief if we could so place our souls in your soul's stead as to bear a part of this heavy load. But sorrow does not admit of distribution. The sorrow which we feel is our sorrow, and it does not lighten yours. God has placed you under the rod; and it smarts not the less for you that others feel it, too. What can we do but pray the God of ^{our} consolation to fill you with all joy and peace in believing that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost.

There are sources of comfort even in this affliction, to which you will gratefully turn, so soon as grief ceases to be a luxury. You will rejoice that he has left a stainless name to his children. You will be happy when a grateful nation owns the debt of love and honor which is his due. You will feel the dignity of his death—laying down his life upon the altar of his country. A generous and noble pride will sustain you when you shall read his name among the martyrs whom a whole people will unite to reverence and praise, and a thousandfold greater comfort will fill your heart when you can take time to realize that he has gone up to be with the redeemed. You will think gratefully of that splendid fight which has borne him upwards to be with immortals. Even in your deep grief, thank God that he was a Christian, that you are not driven to shut in your thoughts so that they shall not venture to cross the grave. Bless God with fervor of soul that you can follow him in thought to the far beyond and lift the veil which hides the eternal world from human eyes. All these reflections will come up in their due time, and will be full of sweetness. At present your greatest happiness is to weep. Weep then. Jesus wept. Why not we? Weep freely those tears which nature exacts as her tribute, and when the hour shall come to dry those tears, may the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, bring to your remembrance the promises of God, so freely given to the fatherless and widow.

Most truly yours,

B. M. Palmer.

It is, as I have always maintained, too much the fashion to ignore more or less the wives of mothers or the fathers of great men in arms or State, letters or church, when the biographer executes his work. How often is it that the mother lays the groundwork of the son's eminence, and how often is the wife the inspiration of the husband's achievements, and how sometimes the father molds the son's character. One incident in Micah Jenkins's life as a boy of about 12 years reveals the strong influence that his mother exerted over him. About to undergo a most severe and painful operation in the extraction of a large size fish hook that had buried itself in his wrist, the surgeon proceeded to administer some whiskey to sustain him in the ordeal of suffering that he was to undergo, but the boy firmly refused to take the stimulant, saying that he had promised his mother never to take a drink of intoxicating liquor. So he bravely submitted to the surgeon's knife without chloroform or stimulating drug, although his strong will could not

prevent him from fainting under the excruciating pain that he endured.

The wife of General Jenkins was the beautiful, beloved and accomplished daughter of Gen. D. F. Jamison, soldier, scholar and statesman, one of the founders of the South Carolina Military Academy, the author of the exquisite volume entitled "Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin," and the president of the secession convention. I knew Miss Carrie Jamison in the days of her youth and her beauty as the favorite daughter of an honored friend. She was worthy of Micah Jenkins, as Micah Jenkins was worthy of her. I knew her afterwards when she was the ornament of her husband's home in Yorkville, S. C., and the mother of his children. In my sketch, in *Thomas' History of South Carolina Military Academy of General Jamison*, one of the best men I ever knew, and one who was to me, "guide, philosopher and friend," the following appears:

"So much for Gen. D. F. Jamison in his public role. But splendid as that was, his private life shed no less luster on his honored name. Its exceeding beauty is revealed to the light of day in the tribute paid to his memory by his favorite child, the widow of the noble-hearted, high-souled Gen. Micah Jenkins, herself the type of gracious womanhood, worthy alike of such a father and such a husband. Says Mrs. Jenkins in her letter to the writer:

"You ask how my father appeared to me from a daughter's standpoint. You may not know, but my father educated me from my 10th year. I was his constant companion until my marriage in my 19th year. My girlhood was spent almost entirely in his library. I cared but little for the outside world, so content was I with my dear father's society. As I look back to those years so blessed, my father appears to my mature judgment, as he did then, as the embodiment of all that is lovely in men, a devoted husband, a wise and tender parent, a kind master always courteous to others, regardful ever of the feelings of inferiors. I have rarely met any one resembling him. I have loved to recall his perfect devotion to and trust in me. This has helped to sustain me under the heavy burdens I have borne these many years. While of the strictest integrity, he was pitiful to the failings of those less favored than himself. It has saddened me to see how little already is known of him in the State to which his life was so entirely devoted. I do rejoice that his memory is so dear to you."

Of the father of Micah Jenkins, the epitome of the man's life and character might be summed up in the Tennysonian description of one "who bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." Capt. John Jenkins was the

soul of honor. He was one of the knightly men who adorned Edisto Island in the brave days of old when English barons seemed to be living on the coast of South Carolina. Brave as a lion, he was yet a prince of peace. The peer of the highest on the island, he was nevertheless the friend of the humblest, and a man who believed in the aristocracy of virtue and merit. For several years he represented Edisto Island, Charleston, as senator in the General Assembly of the State—no orator but a most efficient and working member. He was, however, a busy reader and a charming conversationalist. In physique he was a fine type of manhood, six feet one inch and a half high, and stoutly built. People acquainted with the conditions in South Carolina before the great War Between the Sections know how a system prevailed in the Southern States not unlike the feudal system in Northern Europe. The planters were the southern barons. Captain Jenkins was one of the barons on Edisto Island. But planter and baron though he was, he was a man in thorough sympathy with all the white people on the island. He was a man of the people, a genuine American Democrat. To illustrate the characteristic, it may be stated how it was his habit from time to time to bring together all the overseers of the island and to entertain them in his house, to wine and dine his fellow citizens of that well-known class in the South. Captain Jenkins was a noble subscriber to the manly words of Burns in his ode: "For a' that and a' that," one stanza of which thus reads:

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men, for a' that."

Under the molding process of such parentage, and with such family prestige and with such family traditions as envired young Micah Jenkins, no wonder that he and his noble brother, Maj. John Jenkins, now living with his indomitable spirit unsubdued by age and disease, and his loyalty to Confederate memories unconquered and unconquerable by the mutations of time and "the blows of circumstances"—no wonder, I repeat, that the Jenkins brothers should have become heroes in the War of Secession, the one in Virginia and in Tennessee and the other on the coast of South Carolina, the latter a major only, and yet a major only because, for reasons chivalric, he declined the tender of a brigadier-generalship.

The Jenkins family tree was deeply rooted in English soil. The family can be traced far back in the history of England. The family crest was a griffin's head and neck, with an arrow held in the beak, with a baton underneath. This was also the crest of Sir Leoline Jenkins, who was knighted on the field of battle by Henry VII, thus linking the Jenkinsons of England with the Jenkinsons of Edisto.

In American history the name of Capt. Joseph Jenkins appears on one of the original Revolutionary muster rolls. On the "List of officers of the South Carolina line, upon the continental establishment during the war of the Revolution, 1775-1783," gotten up by the late Gen. Wilmot G. DeSaussure, there appears the name of Joseph Jenkins, first lieutenant, Second regiment. On the "List of officers of the militia of South Carolina who took part in the war of the Revolution, 1775-1783," prepared by the same writer, are enrolled the names of Capt. John Jenkins, St. Helens Island Volunteers; Capt. Thos. Jenkins, Colonel Rothmaler's regiment; Capt. Joseph Jenkins, Edisto Island Volunteers; Ensign Benjamin Jenkins, Edisto Island Volunteer company, Colleton county regiment; Lieut. Joseph Jenkins, Colleton county regiment; Lieut. Reuben Jenkins, Colonel Kolb's regiment, Marion's brigade; Lieut. James Jenkins, Colonel Benton's regiment, Marion's brigade.

It thus appears that the name of Jenkins is enrolled nine times on the Revolutionary list.

The sons of Micah Jenkins and Carrie Jamison Jenkins now living are Maj. Micah J. Jenkins, to whom was recently presented a handsome sword by his friends in South Carolina, in consideration of his gallantry in the late war with Spain, the presentation being made in terms of highest praise by President Roosevelt, who, a colonel in the regiment of Rough Riders, was himself the witness of Capt. Jenkins's superb bearing under a heavy fire of shot and shell upon the slope of the hill of San Juan. The other well-known sons of Gen. Jenkins are Robert Flavel, William Edward and John Murray Jenkins, Captain U. S. A., and late efficient commander of cadets, S. C. M. A., all honoring their father's name and cherishing his memory with filial loyalty born of a spirit kindred to their parents, in whom true manhood and true womanhood were so happily illustrated.

The surviving brothers of Micah Jenkins are Maj. John Jenkins of Charleston, S. C., and that accomplished physician, residing in Florida, Dr. Edward E. Jenkins. The characteristic of generosity has ever attached to the Jenkins family. Ramsay says in the appendix to his "History of South Caro-

lina" in the statistical account of Edisto Island: "The Episcopalians of Edisto were originally connected in worship and discipline with the parish church of Johns Island, and had divine service performed for them at occasional intervals. Being liable to various disappointments in their expectation of divine service, they were led to separate from that church. In effecting that separation they built in 1774, by subscription, a neat and commodious chapel, and some time after created a permanent fund for the support of their ministers. The zeal and liberality displayed by them on these occasions, considering the paucity of their members, reflects great credit on the parties concerned." Dr. Ramsay then gives a list of these liberal subscribers. Among them the following names occur: Christopher Jenkins, £200; Daniel Jenkins, £150; Joe Jenkins, £150; Isaac Jenkins, £125; Daniel Jenkins Jr., £50—six good churchmen, and true to "the grave ritual brought from England's shore."

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MICAH JENKINS.

I have reserved for the last my personal impressions of Micah Jenkins. He entered the Citadel the year I was graduated therefrom. Being one of the assistant instructors drawn from the first class to help in the instruction of the fourth class, I bore for the year the relation of cadet preceptor to the class of Jenkins in the department of English. It was, as I remember, the day that he matriculated that he stated to me, as we stood together near the sally port of the Citadel, that he intended to be first in his class. This he stated not arrogantly but resolutely, and although his fellow graduates of the class of 1854 were such good men and true as Hart, and Hoke, and Radcliffe, and Haskell, and Adams, and Steadman, and Coward, and Fleming, and Mazyck, and Culpeper, and Jamison, yet the record shows that no one of his classmates excelled him either in scholarship or soldiership. He was the type of a brave, enthusiastic, manly, hightoned youth, with fine ideals, who cherished noble longings for the strife of life. His was a personality at once strong and graceful, and to the teacher and his associates in the corps of cadets so striking that I may say: "I marked him as a far Alp, and loved to watch the sunrise" in his beaming eyes. How well he fulfilled the promise of his cadetship, as co-founder and co-manager with his classmate, Asbury Coward, at the Kings Mountain Military School, and as a soldier of the Southern Confederacy from 1861 to 1864, this paper attests, as it shows him showering honors upon his alma mater, his

family, his State, and his country—his brave heart to the very last responding to the grand sentiment of men who would be free:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

Micah Jenkins died in the bloom of youth, after a career brief but brilliant, and yet long enough to give him time and opportunity to create the muniments of enduring character and lasting fame. It is a fact that every division commander under whom Jenkins served recommended him highly for promotion. In order to fix for all time his military status in the history of the Confederacy, "that rose so fair and fell so pure of crime," enough to say that after the battle of Second Manassas, in which Jenkins's brigade bore such a conspicuous part in turning the repulse of Pope's army into a rout, and in which General Jenkins was severely wounded, Gen. Robt. E. Lee rode up to General Jenkins and, congratulating him on his splendid fight, said: "I hope yet to see you one of my lieutenant-generals."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL D. H. HILL'S TRIBUTE.

General Hill, slow to praise, said of Gen. Micah Jenkins:

"Adjutant- and Inspector-General Cooper: In leaving the district of North Carolina I feel it due to Brigadier-General Jenkins that attention should be called to his extraordinary merit. At Seven Pines his brigade was under my immediate notice, and by his skilful handling rendered more service than any two engaged. His dispositions on the Blackwater and around Richmond always excited my admiration.

"I know no brigadier in the service more worthy of promotion. He has all the qualities necessary to make him a most efficient division commander.

"With great respect, D. H. Hill,
"Lieutenant-General."

Gen. Wade Hampton said: "Micah Jenkins was the finest soldier I ever saw."

Micah Jenkins showed that the age of chivalry survived in our southland. In his breast the flower of a knight-hood such as grew in the medieval age of Europe bloomed, adorning the home, beautifying the battle and lending its fragrance to the air of the South.

On the perilous edge of battle, or at the head of his charging lines, with his fine features lighted up with such gaudia certaminis as Christian soldiers feel, Jenkins was wont to appear as the incarnation of the genius of war, as the personification of valor. Furthermore, he handled his command with the precision of the cool and skilful tactician.

As was said of Arthur Henry Hallam, to whose memory Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is a tribute more enduring than marble, so may it be said of Micah Jenkins, superb soldier and Christian gentleman:

"And thou hadst won in the first strife
of youth
Trophies that gladdened hope and
pointed on
To days when we should stand and
minister
To the full triumphs of thy gathered
strength."

In response to the suggestion of Mrs. S. Reed Stoney of Columbia, some of the patriotic and appreciative women of the capital of South Carolina, the State to which Micah Jenkins was as loyal and devoted as ever cavalier was to king in English story, have proposed to secure a portrait in oil of the matchless brigadier, to whom a major-generalship was in view when divine promotion came upon the field of the Wilderness, and to place in our capitol the picture, alongside of Gordon, and Hampton, and Kershaw, and Butler, and Gary. May this happy thought of South Carolina's womanhood be promptly seconded and consummated by her responsive manhood, and may the best art of the country be engaged to place on the glowing canvas the lineaments of the soldier "without fear and without reproach," the Bayard of the Palmetto State—as brave as Ney, as tender as Sidney, as daring as Murat. It has been said by Trescott in his fine English:

"The fame of the soldier is a high and holy fame. Founded on self-sacrifice and achieved through suffering, it shines from mountain to seashore with protecting effulgence and lights up every hearthstone in the land with the solemn radiance of national feeling."

Such is the fame of Gen. Micah Jenkins.

After the lapse of nearly 40 memorial years, the guardian angel of Confederate memories, arrayed now in the white robes of Peace, with honor seems to say, as she points to the youthful warrior's name on the historic page:

"The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust,"
Columbia, Sept. 22, 1903.

APPENDIX.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE JENKINS FAMILY FROM THE ORIGINAL RECORDS; COPY FURNISHED BY HAWKINS K. JENKINS, ESQ.

The Jenkins family of the coast of South Carolina came originally from Glamorganshire, Wales, and by family tradition, claim descent from Llewellyn, one of the last of the petty Welsh kings.

The name was originally Ap Shankins. Spreading over to England the name became Anglicized and changed to Jenkins. The most distinguished of the name in England was Juade David Jenkins, who, being a staunch Royalist, refused to acknowledge the Rump government; spent sixteen years in the Tower rather than allow it to be stated in public that he recognized the authority of the Rump parliament, although his liberty was offered him on that condition more than once; was led out for execution, but being permitted to speak to the populace, with his Book of Common Prayer in one hand and the laws of England in the other, made so deep an impression on the public that the authorities returned him to the Tower, saying that his "execution would make him a martyr instead of a criminal." Upon the restoration he was set at liberty and had many honors heaped upon him from the Crown. (See Dictionnaire Biographique.) Sir Leoline Jenkins was ambassador to France, negotiated several treaties of importance, and held the privy seal for a number of years. He never married.

About the year 1700 the family first appear in this country, when three brothers, John, Joseph and Richard, came over. John and Joseph settled on St. Helena Island, Beaufort County, and Richard settled finally in Pennsylvania, where the family is now large and influential, with branches in Virginia, Maryland and New York. From him were descended the late Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins, C. S. A., of Virginia, and Rear Admiral Thornton Jenkins, U. S. N. The South Carolina branch gradually spread along the coast, always keeping within reach of tidewater. Gov. Charles J. Jenkins of Georgia was of this family.

Gen. Micah Jenkins was descended from Joseph Jenkins. His grandfather,

Joseph Jenkins, at the age of 17 years was a lieutenant in the St. Helena Volunteers, and later in the Continental army. He stood 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet at 21 years of age, and was a man of great mental activity and physical strength. He married Elizabeth Evans (this family of Evans is now extinct), moved to Edisto Island, and in 1791 bought "Brick House" plantation, which has never since been out of the family, and is now owned and occupied by his grandson, John Micah Jenkins. He was for years a member of the General Assembly, was an eloquent and forceful speaker, and it is said that on more than one occasion the lower House adjourned in order to hear his speech on measures of importance. He had quite a large family, of whom Col. Joseph E. Jenkins and Capt. John Jenkins were the most noted. Col. Joseph E. Jenkins was commissioned captain in the War of 1812, but very greatly to his regret was prevented from getting into active service. He represented his parish in the State Senate as long as he would consent to do so, and was a member of the Secession Convention. Like his father, he was a man of large physique, being 6 feet 2 inches in height, and well proportioned. He had six sons, all of whom were over 6 feet tall.

Capt. John Jenkins was also a large man, being 6 feet 1¾ inches in height. He, too, represented his parish in the General Assembly for a number of years. He left three sons, viz.: Maj. John Jenkins, one of the knightliest men this State has ever produced; Dr. Edward E. Jenkins, a distinguished physician of high character, and Gen. Micah Jenkins. These two brothers, Col. Joseph E. Jenkins and Capt. John Jenkins, were most distinguished for their unbending integrity, invincible courage, exceeding courtesy and boundless hospitality. They gave to the Southern Confederacy between them seven sons, to wit: Col. Joseph E. gave, in the order of their age, Joseph E. Jr., Paul F., lieutenant and surgeon, John M., lieutenant, and George

M. His other two sons died before the war. Capt. John gave the three above named. But two of Col. Joseph E. Jenkins' sons have sons now living, to wit: Dr. Paul F. Jenkins left three sons, James J., Paul F. and Hawkins K. Jenkins, who has represented his country in General Assembly in both branches for eight years. John M. Jenkins has one son, Edward J. Jenkins. Of Capt. John Jenkins's sons, Maj. John Jenkins had two sons, George W. S. Jenkins (now deceased), captain of the tugboat "Juno," to whom were presented medals by the United States and Norwegian governments for conspicuous skill and bravery displayed by him in rescuing the crew of the Norwegian bark "Riga" off the entrance to Port Royal harbor in the storm of 1893, and Micah, who was an ensign (U. S. Volunteers), in the late war with Spain.

Dr. Edward E. Jenkins has two sons living in other States. Gen. Micah Jenkins left four sons. Maj. Micah J., who so greatly distinguished himself in the Cuban campaign as to cause his pro-

motion to the majority over his senior captains, and as stated by President, then Colonel, Roosevelt, "by their unanimous request"; Robert F., William E., and John M., U. S. A., under whose skilled training the South Carolina Military Academy was brought to such a high state of military excellence that it was ranked by the United States War Department ahead of all military schools of the country, and next to West Point.

The family has clung tenaciously to its ancient traditions and characteristics as we gather these from its history, and which are succinctly expressed in the motto born upon its arms: "Vigiliis et Virtute."

Arms—Argent, three cocks, Gules, a mullet for difference.

Crest—A Griffin's head with an arrow in its beak, with a baton underneath. "This," says Sir Blandy Jenkins of Wales, writing in 1897, "could only be used by descendants of the Welsh kings."

Motto—Vigiliis et Virtute.



1872
72





1978



